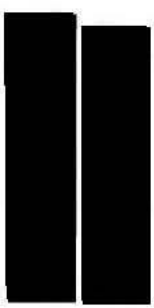




D E P R A V D A



DEPRAVEDA

Published By and For Infectees of The Washington Post's Style Invitational

August 1995

Vol. II, Number 6

Plague Grows Worse: Loser Malaise Extends Its Southern Beachhead As W. Goode Is First 'Bama To Succumb

Romm Ousts Carnahan for Year-3 Lead: See P. 10

Sorensen Fils At 8 May Be Youngest Ever To See Invitational
Print, As He And Mom Set Region Scrambling For Answers
To Dust-Bunny Plague, Bernoulli Effect, Etc.

Could This Be Someone You Know?

Authorities in Montana report a troubling recent increase in the numbers of a nomadic mind-control cult, now estimated to total 60-70 members. Identified primarily through their apparel, a drab solid-color tunic, members are not usually armed but are known to be actively seeking novitiates, who upon entry in the group quickly cut themselves off from family and associates.

From Our Herndon Bureau: South African scientists reported on July 21 that they had found a missing link between man and ape with the discovery of four 3.5-million-year-old fossilized foot bones in caves near Sterkfontein near Johannesburg. "Here is this one combination of four bones--we have a real missing link," said paleo-anthropologist Ronald Clarke, who has dubbed his find "Krattenmaker." "This will look neat on my shelf next to 'Fugitivus Gearty.'"



HEY! N.R.A.R.S.!! BOOGEDY BOOGEDY!!

Let Him Who Is Without Sin Cast The First Vote

Tired of seeing lame Beavis-derivative stuff bringing home the gopher drool Week after Week? Do you look with frequent admiration on an elegant *bon mot*, not necessarily yours, that appears humbly, possibly overedited and near death, near the bottom of the Honorable Mentions? Well, we can't change any of that, but we would like to revive the practice of choosing a **BEST ON PAGE**.

Starting with the Report from Week 125, Ask Backwards VI, please look with your practiced eye at the totality of published entries that appear on Page F2. Pick out the one that appeals to you most, and drop a note about it to Mr. Stephen Dudzik, [REDACTED] (you may also call [REDACTED], or e-mail him at [REDACTED]). When a reasonable sufficiency of such votes for a particular Week are collected, the owner of the plurality will be awarded a handsome certificate, featuring rat, child, and Latin motto, at the next convenient N.R.A.R.S. breakfast.

And don't expect us to set up any kind of ethical standard: vote for yourself, if you can live with yourself afterward, although one vote per person per Week is, or used to be, the American Way. Judging by how subscription fees are coming in, we will also not attempt to specify a deadline, although Mr. Dudzik reserves the right to cut it off about a week ahead of time so he doesn't have to rush his calligraphy.

**"VOTE FOR THE KENNEDY OF YOUR CHOICE,
BUT VOTE!"** (for old Vaughn Meader fans)

From The New York Times, July 17:

"Not a Laugh Riot: Comedy Writers in Short Supply--The number of television writers has grown so much this year that television executives say they are worried that there will not be enough quality comedy [writers] to go around. ...

Executives at the networks and studios said that 500 to 600 writers would be required to fill the staffs of these new comedies, and that it was highly unlikely that the industry could find that many bright comedic minds. ...

Comedies are in demand because they usually attract the biggest audiences and always make the most money in syndication."

See Page 6 for related stories.

NEW READERS
Kindly see back cover.

LETTERS TO THE CREDITOR

I'm typing this with my nose because, you see, while reading the newest issue of *Depravda*, I gave myself the most vicious paper cut in human history. So severe, in fact, that I appear to have completely lost the use of my right hand (the left hand is busy attempting to affix a tourniquet to the remnants of the right). It seems, though, that as I typed with my nose, I managed to gouge out my left eye (the weak one, at least) with the "Paste" key. Therefore, I am owed one of Chuck Smith's first prizes. *Arthur Adams, Laurel*



NOTE:

If I am rejected
for this one again,
don't worry about
a thing. Signed,
UNAJOKER

We here at *Depravda* do not respond well to threats, even your gentlemanly implied ones. Furthermore, you have some nerve whining about the Czar drop-kicking "The Style Invitational Whites," since we remember, without even getting up to consult the Book of Weeks, that you did manage at least a couple of hits that Week while we got squat. However, we all liked "Whites" and will try to fit it in somewhere, without attribution, of course--let's just see you try to convince anybody that it's your work.

You can knock me down, spit in my face; slander my name all over the place; censor my drawings and torture me slowly with alligator clamps; but DON'T be sending no *Depravdas* with them Nixon stamps! *Peyton Coyner, Afton, Va.*

The response to Mary Lee Fox Roe's letter in the July *Depravda* gave me an idea. Vast fortunes could be made if we start trading options on members' standings. If anybody had had the right

puts or calls of Mary F.L. Roe's ranking, that person could have made enough to pay all or part of the exorbitant subscription rate for *Depravda*. As editor and clearinghouse, you too could clean up on the arbitrage. J. Hart could have backed her dark horse Widowmaker and come out smellin' like a meadow muffin.

Steve "Little Nicky Leeson" Dudzik, Silver Spring

In the immortal words of Hugh Grant, I can't imagine a better bang for my 15 bucks. Enclosed please find my check for the subscription.

Jean Sorensen, Herndon

And just think, if you'd been bankrolled like Grant was at the time, you could have paid yourself up through July of '99.

I did receive and much appreciate *Depravda*--your group is truly after my heart (and maybe my other organs). *Fred Dawson, Beltsville*

[My "Trojan condoms: 'Break On Through'", Week 119] was NOT the funniest of my entries, and I want to state for the record that this competition was OBVIOUSLY fixed, because the winning entry was far funnier than anything I submitted, which clearly implies extraterrestrial involvement, it's the only possible explanation and, hey, hey, get that stupid hook off my neck, hey STOP IT, I paid for this podium

Dr. Andrew Culhane, Greenbelt

I think a subscription fee is an idea whose time has come. Although I did provide stamps I never once thought of canned goods. I came across two cans of turnip greens in my pantry the other day if that would help. They're pretty dusty but the tops aren't bulging yet. I don't suppose you'd accept \$10 and a dozen zucchini?

Mary Olson, Springfield

Well, your heart is in the right place, and the doctor said he hoped to locate your other organs very soon. We'll pass on the zucchini, though. We break out whenever we eat it, and they have to send those guys to put us back in again.

This morning, I politely asked [on e-mail] that you weenie, lying, weasel slime wads please provide me with the name of the restaurant for the August breakfast. Steven "Skulking Dog" Dudzik lied outright and rest of you Newt-loving Republican fascist pigs could only deal with body parts. I WANT TO KNOW NOW OR ELSE!!!!

Name withheld by request

Thinking of--no, wait, there's not enough room. Please see Page 15. Feh, no room there either. OK, never mind. Hey, I got a card from Dr. Elders! Oy, does my knee hurt.

Kevin Cuddihy, Fairfax

Kindly address your concerns c/o The Publisher by letter, fax, e-mail, telephone, courier, or personal visit.

Editor's Note: In the June issue, Mr. Joseph Romm made the case for entering the Style Invitational every week no matter what. Mr. Thring responds.

SAY IT AIN'T SO, JOE!

Every week? Whoa! Loosen that saddle, Hoss. What was Carson without his guest hosts? Didn't we love Curly more because of Shemp? You think Cal Ripken plays every day? OK, but he takes off winters. Come on, Joe, some people don't even have sex every month, er, week, week --I meant week!

This ain't the lottery here. I mean, it's not like if you forget to play your card and your numbers come up and it's 1929 all over again. We're talkin' about a shirt, for gosh sakes--and it's not exactly a Benetton, mind you (note to Czar--I hate Benetton, big guy).

And what's with the high hard one to one of your fellow Shriners? Feelin' a little heat these days, Joe? Did you see me wallowing in the thick stuff when you went flying by in the standings? Heck no! I respect a keen mind, and I'm here to tell you, Joe, including a dozen bagels with your entries each week is pure genius. But as for that all-day-suckerpunch, I happen to know the man of whom you speak. This man is a friend of mine, Joseph, and believe you me--you're no Ken Rattenkamer.

But what really roasts my lawn pigs--and my sole reason for writing (never mind the eighty bucks Grace is paying me for this guest editorial --wha'd you get, J.R.?)--is that you had to go and bring my Saviour into this recess-pool. Oh, mon dieu! Just who do you think is going to wash away those sins when you're standing at the pearly gates, George Burns? Rommango, amigo, you want Biblical references? What about Noah? Talk about yer thick stuff! Think he had time for this lurid frivolity? Like he's gonna tell God, "Sorry, Chief, I'll get to those portholes tomorrow--I'm goin' for the Fred Flintstone costume and I got deadline" (not that portholes would've been Noah's finest hour). Or Moses. Somehow I don't think bringing home an "And Last" is on the same plane with leading one's people to the Promised Land. Or David. Well, forget David. He wouldn't have played anyway--he would have run this contest and then you could have been sending your poppies and cinnamon-raisins to the King.

So why go cold turkey? Let me answer by asking: when was the last time you had a decent Saturday night's sleep, hmmm? Is your Krupps abuzz at three in the morning? Are you phoning Post-Haste at 3:15 wondering where the hell your paper is? Have you been awake since Thursday? People! There's a whole world out there that isn't prefaced by a Week number!

Obviously the only question that remains is, How, Mikey, how? How do I refrain from participating in the only feature that provides more laughs than those linguistic nuts in Free For All? Where do I find the courage to sit on something funny? The answer is: You need help, folks.

That's why I've set up the Yuk-Withdrawal Hot Line. The next time you feel an especially clever idea whetting the ol' noodle, pick up the phone and dial 1-703-771-4190. Smooth operator is standing by. And if that doesn't work, then do what I do. Take a writing partner. The joy of teamwork cannot be overstated. On those Sundays when I have nothing going, I just kick back, smile and holler: "Hum, you big Chuckster!"

Give it a rest, Joe.

TOP TEN WAYS TO REALLY TICK OFF THE INVITATIONAL STAFF

Save all your really funny ideas for Bob Levey.
(Mike Hammer)

Send Mrs. Graham copies of the REAL page F2, so she realizes that it's not filled with a Hechinger's ad every Sunday. (Arthur Adams)

Videotape your entire thought process, from brainstorming to writing the entries, and send that in. (Kevin Cuddihy)

Mail "entrails" instead of "entries."
(Gary Patishnock)

Come up a list of dirty ways to mispronounce "Farquhar." (Kevin Cuddihy)

Call up and ask if you can borrow the dart-throwing, blind monkey that picks the contest winners. (Stephen Dudzik)

Three words: exploding dye packets.
(Elden Carnahan)

Start a new better contest in your own new better newspaper. (Jacki Drucker)

Bring them a lunch of liverwurst sandwiches every day, and stand over them to make sure they eat it. (Kevin Cuddihy)

Just keep doing what we're doing now.
(Joe Romm)

For September, send us something for:
**"Top Ten Ways To
To Tell You've Spent
Too Much Time On One
Contest"**

THE WHINE GARDEN

by Dr. Style

[WARNING: Dr. Style is not a real Doctor, but does like to play doctor occasionally.]



Dear Dr. Style:

I feel guilty and confused. I want to mail in my \$15 for a Depravda subscription after reading the pitch on Page 1 [of the July issue], but nobody said to whom to make out the check. [D'oh! -- Ed.]
-- Crap-Stink Hoagy, Laurel

Dear C.S.H.: Make the check out to Depravda Regular Subscription, Technical Yahoo Legal Entity. If you don't have enough space on the check, just use the acronym, and in addition to your subscription, you'll get a gift certificate for \$15 off a frontal lobotomy.

Dear Dr. Style:

In a recent SI contest, I won a costume of a huge-breasted, hippo-hipped woman. When the costume arrived, I realized that the "huge breasts" were nowhere to be found. Should I alert the Style staff to the possibility that someone may be secretly indulging in a fetish run amok?

-- Worried in Arlington

Dear Worried: So you couldn't find the huge breasts you were promised. Yes, it's the classic complaint of the male of the species. Well, don't go looking for Style staff members to blame like some crazed Captain Queeg obsessed with who ate the strawberries. Just get in line for the class-action suit filed against the manufacturer of the WonderBra. Better still, seek professional counseling to help you stop focusing on the false advertising designed to excite your adolescent id and start accepting women for the bodies they already have.

Dear Dr. Style:

What exactly are your credentials? Did you study alongside any famous thinkers of our time?

--JSH (continued on Page 13)



PEYTON'S COYNER



TOILETS, MACHETES, AND BEER

by April Carnahan

Crumpled papers lie strewn about the kitchen table. I sit in quiet frustration, searching for words, searching for ideas. If all I had to do was write an account of my travels to Honduras, I would be done by now. But no. I'm writing an account of my travels to Honduras for those ... losers. What does one write for a bunch of losers? Should I tell about the fact that the toilets don't work properly or about the Hondurans' preoccupation with machetes? Should I tell about the lack of speed limits or the excess of beer? I shake my head quietly and wonder how I got myself involved with all this in the first place.

So: moving on to the toilets. Most of the functioning toilets in Honduras are pretty grimy. To be on the safe side, I recommend you hold it until you get back to the States. Another element that adds confusion to the bathroom situation is the markings on the faucets. Keep in mind that "H" stands for "helado," meaning cold, and "C" stands for "caliente," meaning hot. Sadly, I am aware that I could go on at length on the subject of toilets and this audience would be consequently satisfied. However, in order to avoid such a literary disaster, I am forced to move on to the machetes.

Slung around every man and boy's waist can be found a machete. The machete is a very versatile tool, and is used for a variety of purposes, some clever and ingenious, others somewhat dumb. For instance, a lawnmower might be a more appropriate choice when it comes to cutting grass. It took one of the workhands at the place we stayed three days to "mow" the lawn using his trusty machete. However, to "mow" the lawn using his trusty machete. However, machete-mowing is a very thorough process, for not one blade of grass

remained rooted in the soil after the lawn had been mowed. Another way in which machetes are employed is in keeping control of livestock. Once, while passing a roadside herd of cows, I saw a man pull a machete on one that ventured too close to the highway.

It was not without reason, however, that this man kept such a close watch on his cattle. The pace of life is very slow in Honduras; thus, motorists feel the need to make up lost time in their driving. Our driver, Nehemias, did not ap-

pear to believe in stop signs or turning signals. On more than one occasion, I noticed that he substituted a honk of the horn for actually stopping at busy intersections. This rather Bostonian behavior was not at all discouraged by the fact that very rarely was there an actual posted speed.

Last, there is the issue of alcohol. Accompanying me on my trip to Honduras were nine adults from my church, seven of whom were either elders

or deacons. We came under the pretense of wanting to help the Hondurans. I am now convinced that all we were there for was to take advantage of the inexpensive beer. Every time I turned around, there was another devout churchgoer chugging a beer. One night, three of these alleged adults took me, an innocent, sheltered 16-year-old, into a very loud bar, where they all ordered beers and I daringly sipped on a Coca-Cola. Later on in the week, they taught me how to play poker and debated how to split up the six-pack they found in the fridge.

I have but three hints for the novice Honduras traveler: 1. Don't drink the water; 2. Don't eat the food; and 3. Don't breathe the air.

Otherwise, you'll be fine. I had a thoroughly enjoyable time.



SITUATION WANTED: EARNING MORE THAN A LIVING WAGE BY BEING WITTY, CREATIVE, AND PERHAPS A BIT TWISTED....

by Sue Lin Chong

Is it possible to earn a living by cranking out the inspired, and occasionally brilliant, punch line? The answers are "not entirely" and "yes", according to two recent articles on humor writing.

The June 1995 *Smithsonian* features an article on the not-too-well known fact that many cartoonists depend on writers to provide inspiration and a steady flow of material. (Note: NRARS member Chuck Smith currently writes material for the cartoon strip "Shoe" by Jeff MacNelly, as well as a few other strips Chuck is not at liberty to reveal.)

The practice is known in the business as cartoon-caption writing and opportunities range from cartoons in *The New Yorker* to trade magazines to popular strips such as "Dennis the Menace." Why would a cartoonist need outside help? Because often they hit a dry spell, often they prefer drawing only, or sometimes they're hit with a major assignment, such as producing 20 cartoons for a turkey-breeding trade magazine.

The *Smithsonian* profiles some of the top producers in the business, and their backgrounds are surprisingly "American Heartland"-ish:

Rex May (called the king of cartoon gag writing) produces 150 to 200 captions a week. He writes during three 90-minute sessions at a karate dojo near his home in Indiana, while he waits for his wife and son to complete their class. His average rate of production is a caption per minute. May also writes for himself and draws under the name "Baloo."

Al Batt is a Minnesota dairy farmer who sometimes incubates cartoonable ideas for more than two decades. From 5 to 8 a.m. every morning, seven days a week, he reviews possible sources, such as *The Wall Street Journal*, public radio, and books. From these sources, he scribbles possible phrases to work into gags, such as "adopt-a-highway program" or "extra-crispy chicken." With this approach, Batt came up with the caption "Man looking at invoice says: 'Just my luck to have adopted a highway that's in medical school.'"

Al Batt began writing captions in high school and started submitting entries to a humor column in the St. Paul Pioneer Press. The task was to send in a caption to match a movie clip. Five winners

per week were selected and an editor at the paper noticed that Batt's name had been on the list nearly every week for two years. The newspaper ran a story about Batt and someone then told him he could sell cartoon ideas. Batt honed his skills from the classic book on the subject, *Cartoonist's and Gag Writer's Handbook* by cartoonist Jack Markow. Another creative sourcebook mentioned is *A Guide to Generating and Developing Creative Ideas* by Harald Bakken and *New Yorker* cartoonist Mischa Richter.

What are the gag writing rules of the road?

First, you'll need organization and discipline. Captions are typed on 3-by-5-inch index cards and mailed out in batches of ten or more, along with a self-addressed stamped envelope. The artist will keep anything promising and will return the rest. If a cartoon is sold, the writer generally gets a cut, usually about 25 percent. This could range from pocket change to a low-three-figure check, if the work runs in a publication like *Playboy* or *The New Yorker*.

Next, meticulous records must be kept of what material goes out and the results, because some ideas that get a "pass" might eventually be picked up by someone else. Batt describes his record-keeping system: a storage unit 5½ feet high, plus a stack of eight large shoeboxes, all crammed with gag-stuffed envelopes--about a quarter of million jokes--both sold and unsold. Rex May has considered typing his gags into a database, but at this point estimates the task would take six months.

After the gags are written comes the task of deciding who gets the first look at material. Some writers write with certain cartoonists in mind; in general, the professionals go to the top-selling cartoonists first. May sends out materials to about 20 artists at a time. Although he'd like to encourage new cartoonists, he finds that the cost of postage, which is at least a dollar per batch, often limits that.

While it is unlikely one could earn a living wage in this profession, there are rewards. Caption writers by definition live in anonymity (they don't have a secret society or breakfast meetings). Their thrill comes when they see their cartoon stuck on a bulletin board or cashier's register. There is a gag writer's trade journal of sorts called "Gag Recap," a monthly newsletter with a few hundred subscribers. "Recap" lists hundreds

(continued on Page 11)





STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR
CHARLESTON 25305

GASTON CAPERTON
GOVERNOR

July 6, 1995

Mr. Stephen Dudzik
14114 Grand Pre Rd #11
Silver Spring, MD 20906-2851

Dear Mr. Dudzik:

Thank you for the invitation to attend the anniversary celebration scheduled for July 16.

Unfortunately, due to previous commitments I am unable to include your event on my calendar. I appreciate your thinking of me and regret having to decline your invitation.

Best wishes for a most enjoyable and successful event.

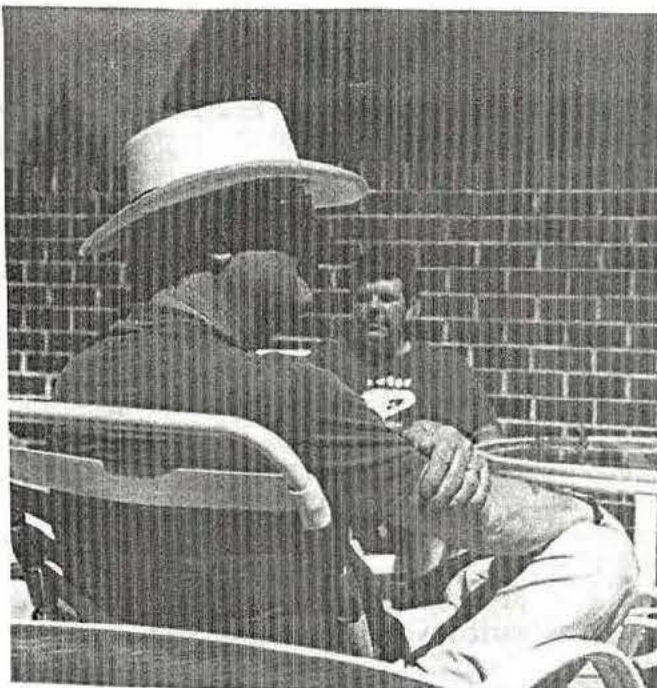
Sincerely,

Gaston Caperton
Gaston Caperton
Governor

GC:clr

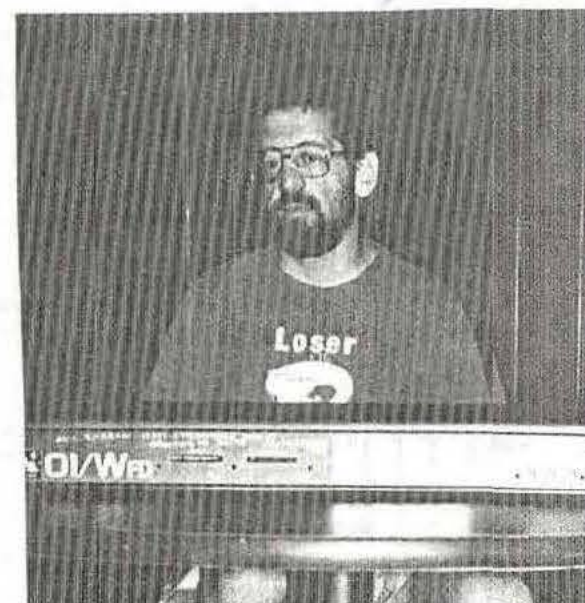


Dr. Helene Haduch, having entrusted her safety to a bunch of Losers she had never met, felt comfortable enough by the end of the day on Saturday to demonstrate how an emergency tracheotomy may be performed with a Bic pen.

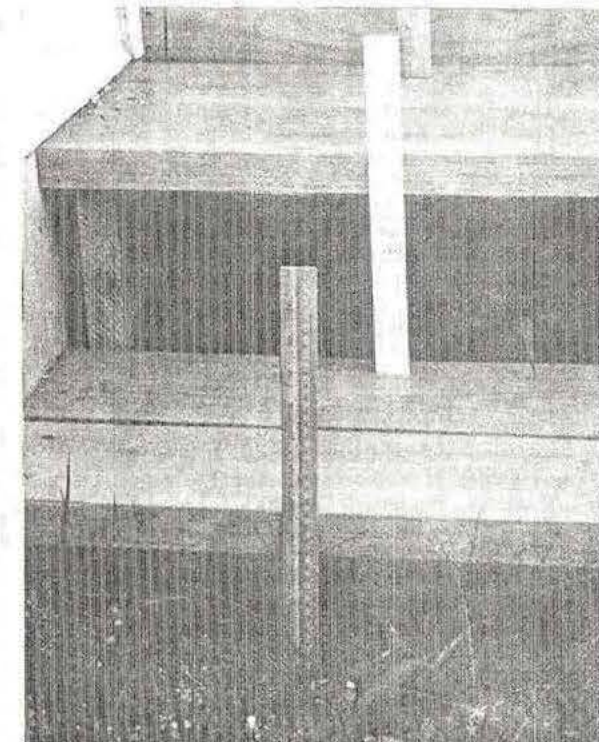


First-time attendee Peyton Coyner turned out to be a much bigger man than anyone had anticipated. Always the kidder, he pressed a reluctant Chuck Smith into duty as a wooden dummy for a hilarious retrospective on the career of Mortimer Snerd.

I sat and let the fine, clear air of West Virginia wash over me, and drew it deep into my lungs. The state was having an effect on me. Throughout the evening, I felt a tingling, a yearning. An anxious feeling? Perhaps a deep need? Back in my room, I slipped the short alk shift over my head and felt its wispy caresses on my skin. I wished I had a brother or uncle in Martinsburg. The state was definitely having an effect on me.



After his third offense with the pickled herring, Dave Zarrow was moved to a table by himself.

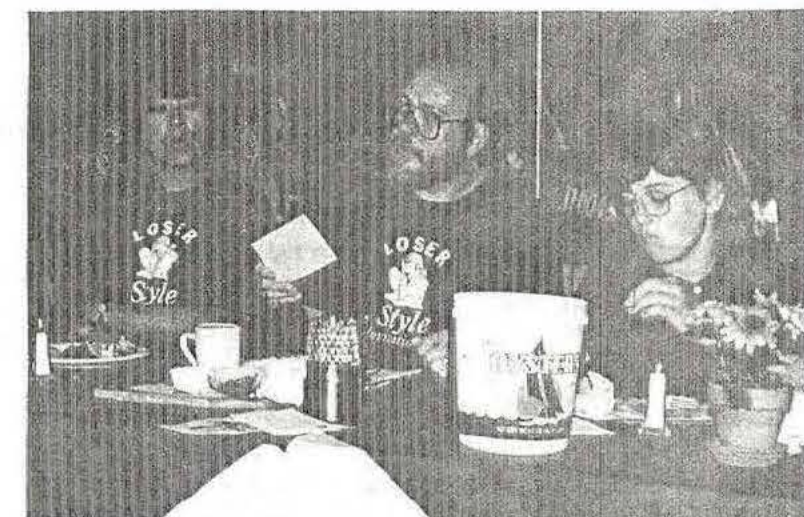


A popular local diversion, measuring virility by whether one can crouch naked on a step and still reach the next one down.



Positioned upwind of the dumpster, the entire company. Standing: Mary Car Tom Witte, Sarah Worcester, Joey Zarrow, Dave Zarrow, Mary Lou Smith, Hammer, Greg Arnold. Seated: Erin Carnahan, Sue Lin Chong, Chuck Smith, Coyner, Zori Ferkin, Charlie Arnold. Also attending: Steve Dudzik, Bonne Arnold

FIRST N.R.A.R.S. ANNIVERSARY ROAD-TRIP MARTINSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA JULY 15-16, 1995



Eiden Carnahan reacts angrily to yet another death threat, this one from a Depravda contributor cut at the last minute from "Wit Happens" in the June issue. "I tell you I had nothing to do with it!" he yelled. Sue Lin Chong, left, and Erin Carnahan, owner of a new Honduran machete, right, had no comment.

It was hot in Martinsburg, so hot at night that I couldn't sleep. Around midnight I got up and decided to go for a walk. I found my Loser shirt still lying on the keyboard where I'd left it. I put it on and walked out of the room to the elevator. Then I decided I'd better go back to the room and get my pants, too. Finally, I made it down to the lobby and went out the door into the steamy night. I don't know why, but something, some unseen force caused me to walk toward Hoss's Restaurant—the same place we'd eaten dinner hours earlier. As I walked across the half-mile-long parking lot, thermal echoes of the afternoon's 100-degree heat rose from the still simmering asphalt. Maybe it was the combination of the beers I'd sipped and the intense heat, but I started to feel a bit disoriented, dizzy—in short, about normal. Sweat began to run down my brow into my manly brown beard. I hate that. Yuck.

By the time I reached Hoss's, my head was swimming, my heart pounding, my feet smelling, but nothing out of the ordinary. It was then that I noticed her leaning against the door to the eatery—the waitress that had caught my eye during dinner. I remembered her name tag: "Velma Jo Worby." I remembered her long, bottle-blond hair, her figure more curvy than the mountain road out of Charles Town, her Jay D. "Jay" Rockefeller tattoo, and her country drool. Check that. Drawl.

If she had been one of the numbered entrees on Hoss's ingenious meal-identification board, she'd have been a #1 filet mignon with all the trimmings.

She didn't seem at all surprised to see me. She licked her lips and said something to me. I shall never forget as long as I live. "Hot enough for ya, good-lookin'?" "I like it hot," I answered, "although I also like it cold. I guess you could say I just like it."

Suddenly she turned around, unlocked the restaurant door, grabbed my hand and said, "Come with me, hon." She pulled me into the darkened restaurant and asked if there were something she could do for me, something I'd always dreamed of doing, something a little wild, something a little over the edge. "As a matter of fact," I croaked, "there is." Then I whispered into her ear and she gave me a look that was so hot you could have fried an egg with it. "Yes, yesssss, hon, we can do THAT." Then Velma took me over to the dessert bar. I climbed onto the counter and, while I was lying on my back with my mouth open, she pulled the handle on the soft ice-cream machine and the cold, processed ice-cream food ran directly into my mouth. I was in Almost Heaven.

We parted at dawn, completely drained. I never saw her again.

Anonymous, Herndon OOPS!

F2 TROOP

This list includes all Invitational participants who have appeared in print at least four times, as of the Report from Week 124.

Key to Column Headings

Rk Chg: Change in rank since last issue.
Asterisk indicates addition.
Debu Wk: Week of first print appearance.
Total Credits: Printed entries. Shared win yields partial credit.
W/L Streak: If positive, consecutive Weeks of print appearances. If negative, consecutive Weeks shut out.
Consstncy: Credits divided by total Weeks since debut (no Week 64). & Rank: Order of names if sorted by value.
Slugging: Weighted Credits: 4 points for Win, 3 for Contest Idea, 2 for Runner-Up, 1 for Honorable Mention. & Rank: Order of names if sorted by this value.
Purity: percentage of Total Credits not attributed to Honorable Mentions. & Rank: Order of names if sorted by this value.

NRARS names on Page F2, compared to all names appearing

Week 120: 39% (14 of 36)
Week 121: 48% (25 of 52)
Week 122: 40% (6 of 15)
Week 123: 50% (19 of 38)
Week 124: 35% (13 of 37)

New names on P. F2, compared to all names appearing

Week 120: 31% (11 of 36)
Week 121: 25% (13 of 52)
Week 122: 47% (7 of 15)
Week 123: 45% (17 of 38)
Week 124: 46% (17 of 37)

Longest Streaks Broken

Week 120: Anonymous, -78
Week 121: Dix, -103
Week 122: Treber, -48
Week 123: Bakley, -57
Week 124: Offutt, -16

TOTAL INVITATIONAL VICTIMS: 1217

THE HALL OF LAME

Most First-Place Wins

Eight
Chuck Smith

Five
Elden Carnahan
Joseph Romm

Four
Tom Gearty

Three
Peyton Coyner
Steven King
Paul Kondis

Two
Greg Arnold
Stuart Segal
Jessica Steinhice
Paul Styrene
Kitty Thuermer

Jacob Weinstein
Tom Witte
Sarah Worcester
Dave Zarrow

Rk	Chg	Name	City	St	Wk	Credits	W/L	Consstncy	Slugging	Purity
1		SMITH, C.	Woodbridge	VA	6	178.00	-2	1.508	1	0.294
2		CARNAHAN	Laurel	MD	22	109.50	1	1.074	2	0.201
3		ROMM	Washington	DC	58	67.33	2	1.020	3	0.267
4		WITTE	Gaithersburg	MD	7	56.00	2	0.479	6	0.232
5		Krattenmaker	Lndovr Hills	MD	80	45.83	-1	1.018	4	0.142
6		KONDIS	Alexandria	VA	14	37.00	-3	0.336	14	0.230
7	+7	BELAND	Springfield	VA	73	35.83	-1	0.689	5	0.181
8		HART	Arlington	VA	11	35.33	1	0.313	15	0.198
9	-2	THRRING	Leesburg	VA	23	34.50	1	0.342	13	0.261
10		WORCESTER	Bowie	MD	46	32.00	-2	0.410	8	0.406
11	-2	GROVE	Washington	DC	6	30.50	-1	0.258	19	0.164
12		DUDZIK	Silver Sprng	MD	7	30.00	1	0.256	20	0.233
13	-2	MELLEMA	Falls Church	VA	10	29.50	-1	0.259	18	0.233
14	+2	MALCOLM	Silver Sprng	MD	18	29.00	-1	0.274	17	0.328
15		SMITH, J. C.	Laurel	MD	60	28.00	2	0.438	7	0.286
16	-3	Gearty	Washington	DC	16	26.50	-60	0.245	21	0.377
17	+1	SULLIVAN	Potomac	MD	14	26.00	-1	0.236	23	0.192
18	-1	STYRENE	Olney	MD	17	25.58	-2	0.239	22	0.186
19		CARON	Lenoir	NC	11	21.50	-1	0.190	28	0.326
20	+6	ZARROW	Herndon	VA	30	20.83	-1	0.222	25	0.256
21		SOERSEN	Herndon	VA	75	20.50	-1	0.410	9	0.317
22		KAMMER	Herndon	VA	71	20.50	-4	0.380	10	0.098
23	-3	King	Alexandria	VA	16	20.50	-37	0.190	29	0.341
24	-1	Segal	Vienna	VA	4	19.50	-27	0.163	36	0.462
25	+5	SABOURIN	Silver Sprng	MD	17	18.25	1	0.171	32	0.274
26	-2	Rooney	Rstn/Blcksbg	VA	16	17.83	-46	0.165	35	0.168
27	-2	Zane	Woodbridge	VA	3	17.00	-89	0.140	40	0.176
28	-1	COYNER	Afton	VA	26	16.75	-7	0.171	33	0.283
29	-1	ALTER, P.	Hyattsville	MD	41	16.50	-22	0.199	26	0.242
30	-1	CHONG	Washington	DC	35	16.50	-7	0.185	31	0.182
31		PATISHNOCK	Laurel	MD	26	14.50	-1	0.148	38	0.414
32	-1	WEISSE	Sykesville	MD	6	13.00	-17	0.110	47	0.077
33	+5	CUDDIHY	Fairfax	VA	13	12.83	-2	0.116	43	0.039
34	-1	FOX ROE	Mt. Kisko	NY	13	12.50	-11	0.113	46	0.240
35	-1	PANNULLO	Chevy Chase	MD	84	12.00	-3	0.293	16	0.375
36		ARNOLD	Herndon	VA	72	12.00	1	0.226	24	0.250
37	-2	Maclean	Burke	VA	44	11.50	-17	0.144	39	0.174
38	-1	Richardson	Laurel	MD	14	11.00	-8	0.100	50	0.182
39	+3	THUERMER	Washington	DC	14	11.00	-3	0.100	51	0.272
40	-1	Olson, D.	Laurel	MD	14	10.67	-60	0.097	52	0.126
41	-1	Smith, J. P.	Washington	DC	60	10.33	-8	0.161	37	0.097
42		STEINHICE	Washington	DC	74	9.83	-6	0.193	27	0.661
43	+3	HAMMER	Washington	DC	5	9.50	-3	0.080	58	0.316
44	-1	OLSON, M.	Springfield	VA	38	9.00	-33	0.105	48	0.111
45	-1	ROBBINS	Bethesda	MD	5	9.00	-7	0.076	63	0.444
46	-1	Gilbert	La Plata	MD	57	8.50	-39	0.127	41	0.059
47		Dierman	Potomac	MD	2	8.33	-6	0.068	70	0.480
48		WALSH	Rockville	MD	37	8.00	-60	0.092	53	0.250
49		Weinstein	McLean	VA	24	8.00	-9	0.080	59	0.250
50		Miller	Rockville	MD	13	8.00	-78	0.072	65	0.000
51		Williams	Alexandria	VA	51	7.67	-33	0.105	49	0.261
52		VERREY	Arlington	VA	15	7.50	-5	0.069	69	0.200
53	+6	Delduke	Bethesda	MD	14	7.50	-1	0.068	71	0.200
54	-1	DRUCKER, J.	Arlington	VA	5	7.17	-11	0.060	74	0.209
55	-1	Grinath	Takoma Park	MD	106	7.00	-7	0.368	11	0.143
56	-1	DAWSON, F.	Beltsville	MD	47	7.00	-9	0.091	54	0.143
57	-1	CUSHING	Washington	DC	36	7.00	-49	0.080	60	0.000
58	-1	RABIN	Fredericksbg	VA	29	7.00	-22	0.074	64	0.571
59	+26	Bross	Chevy Chase	MD	24	7.00	-4	0.070	67	0.429
60	-2	WENGER	Montgry Vlg	MD	2	7.00	-41	0.057	75	0.429
61	-1	Meyer	Alexandria	VA	38	6.00	-59	0.070	68	0.500
62	-1	Layman	Silver Sprng	MD	1	6.00	-40	0.049	80	0.333
63	-1	Reagan	Reston	VA	3	5.50	-28	0.045	82	0.182
64	-1	ADAMS	Laurel	MD	84	5.00	-22	0.122	42	0.600
65	-1	Gordon	Potomac	MD	65	5.00	-47	0.083	57	0.000
66	-1	Day	Gaithersburg	MD	16	5.00	-50	0.046	81	0.400
67	-1	Kovalak	Springfield	VA	9	5.00	-83	0.043	83	0.400
68	-1	von Behren	Washington	DC	5	5.00	-13	0.042	85	0.600
69	-1	BREON	Columbia	MD	86	4.50	-18	0.115	44	0.111
70	-1	Hinders	Fredericksbg	VA	55	4.50	-22	0.065	72	0.333
71	-1	DRUCKER, G.	Arlington	VA	7	4.17	-11	0.036	87	0.120
72	*	Vanatter	Fairfax	VA	114	4.00	1	0.364	12	0.000
73	-2	Dawson, G.	Arlington	VA	104	4.00	-14	0.190	30	0.250
74	-2	MANGIN	Silver Sprng	MD	101	4.00	-14	0.167	34	0.750
75	-2	Pohl	Rockville	MD	90	4.00	-19	0.114	45	0.750
76	-2	Whittington	Washington	DC	80	4.00	-36	0.089	55	0.250
77	-2	Holland	Bluemont	VA	79	4.00	-45	0.087	56	0.250
78	-2	MARTIN	Falls Church	VA	74	4.00	-21	0.078	61	0.250
79	-2	Hurst	Germantown	MD	73	4.00	-42	0.077	62	0.500
80	-2	Boyle	Annapolis	MD	69	4.00	-55	0.071	66	0.250
81	*	Hevel	Silver Sprng	MD	62	4.00	-4	0.065	73	0.000
82	-2	Riley	Woodbridge	VA	48	4.00	-31	0.053	76	0.750
83	-4	Alter, B.	Springfield	VA	47	4.00	-50	0.052	77	0.000
84	-3	Shettel	Rockville	MD	46	4.00	-59	0.051	78	0.000
85	-3	Stack	Arlington	VA	44	4.00	-42	0.050	79	0.000
86	-3	Smith, P.	Fairfax Sta.	VA	30	4.00	-44	0.043	84	0.250
87	-3	Christopher	Springfield	VA	25	4.00	-42	0.040	86	0.250
88	-2	Star	Rockville	MD	5	4.00	-118	0.034	88	0.250
	-2	Mantle	Darnestown	MD	5	4.00	-11	0.034	89	0.000
	-2	Mitchell	Washington	DC	5	4.00	-43	0.034	90	0.000
	*	Dix	Gaithersburg	MD	5	4.00	-3	0.034	91	0.500
92	-3	Oslo	Alexandria	VA	2	4.00	-117	0.033	92	0.500
93	-3	Ories	Arlington	VA	2	4.00	-110	0.033	93	0.250
94	-3	Fisher	Rockville	MD	1	4.00	-113	0.033	94	1.000

CONSOLIDATED RESULTS, CARTOON CONTESTS

	Week 6 Putting Words In Their Mouths	Week 20 Comic Relief	Week 34 Inspect-a- Gadget	Week 57 Calling the Toon	Week 61 No Hard Feelings	Week 82 Picture This	Week 99 What's Wrong With These Pictures?	Week 106 Drawing Conclusions	Week 122 The Unkindest Cute of All
Czar's Commentary	"The Style Invitational is the nation's last remaining pure meritocracy. The best is chosen, without regard to previous history, demographics, national origin, sexual orientation, dental anomalies, annoying personal habits, or cash inducements you may have included with your letters."	"We have received calls and letters requesting the name of the Czar of the Style Invitational. Regrettably, we cannot disclose this.... It is a closely guarded secret, like the identity of Deep Throat."			"As we have said before, the Style Invitational does not seek nor practice diversity. ... We choose winners based entirely on humor. We do not try for balance—not on the basis of ethnicity, geography, socioeconomics, or gender. We are objective, but we are not fair. Sue us. Mary Anne the Lawyer eats sniveling, mewling whiners like you for breakfast."			"The Style Invitational has become something of a Washington Institution, in the same sense that St. Elizabeth's is something of a Washington institution. ... a cherished part of the lives of thousands of individuals with borderline personality disorders."	
Winner	C. Smith	Gearty	Reef family	Coyner	C. Smith	Carnahan	Wills	Clime	Worcester
The Prize	Huge, genuine 2-carat cruddy diamond	6 ripe tomatoes from Joel Achenbach's garden and a spectacular vintage 1930s typewriter	Handsome first edition of "A Practical Book for Practical People"	Authentic Rotting Skull, a magician's prop	Magician's escapable leg shackles	Talking Pee-Wee Herman doll	Fabulous copper music box	Crushed-velvet bejangled jester's cap	His or her idea illustrated by Bob Staake
1st Runner-Up	Schupak	Brackett	Caron	Parkin	Gearty	Steinhice	C. Smith	Worcester	Harr/ Skoczylas
2nd Runner-Up	Greene		Thring	Beardall	C. Smith	C. Smith	Malcolm	Kammer	C. Smith
3rd Runner-Up	Oslo		Dudzik/ C. Smith	Waldman	C. Smith	Worcester	J. C. Smith	Forin	
4th Runner-Up	Blachfield		Sellers	Kaufman	C. Smith	Highberg		Lawson	
5th Runner-Up	Schwartz		Ambler					Thring	
6th Runner-Up			Patishnock						
7th Runner-Up			Graziano						
Honorable Mentions	Layman (2) C. Smith(2) Weisse Zane Grove Oslo Johns	Kondis King Tucker Franke	Patishnock(2) Miller Zane (2) Rooney Rubinoff Feit Grove (2) Anders McAloon Thomas Rivellese D. Olson Day Zarrow Henry	Meyer C. Smith (5) Harrell Rooney Cushing Dunham Parkin Malcolm Hanger Guy D. Olson King Sisk Chong Kramer Gilbert Eschly Graver Kerns Carnahan	White Harman (2) C. Smith(2) Reynolds Ade Wagner	Carnahan (2) Romm Rogers Kaufman/ Styrene Roberts C. Smith(4) Verrey Greenberg Pieper Weisse Podlesak (2) Stack Hurst Steinhice Anderson Christopher Bell	Adams Hart Beland Malcolm Beland/ Pannullo Krattemma- ker (2) Beals Kammer	Jacobson Kondis/ M. Smith Garratt Evans Mellema J. P. Smith Grinath (2) Verrey Weinstein Carnahan(2) Kondis Long Witte (2) Murphy Zarrow/ Romm Kammer Styrene/ Breon	Treber Zarrow Conlon/ Garrison/ Kivett Cuddhy (2) Moulden Styrene Frandsen Zarrow Weber Maclean Sullivan Styrene Romm Ferguson Hart C. Smith

THE THIRD YEAR OF OUR AGE

Here we list all persons who have reached 4 credits in Year 3, Weeks 105 through 124.

Year 3, Crdts: total print appearances in Year 3.

Year 3, Conss: total credits divided by the 20 Weeks so far of Year 3.

Year 1, Credits: total print appearances in Year 1, Weeks 1 through 52.

Year 1, Rk: where you finished Year 1. Year 2 Credits and Rk: as above, for Weeks 53 through 104.

Top Yer Best: amount of credits you must earn Week to improve on your best Year so far.

Take Title: amount of credits you must earn each Week to finish with #1 ranking for Year 3.

Rk	Name	Year 3 Crdts	Year 3 Conss	Year 1 Credits	Year 1 Rk	Year 2 Credits	Year 2 Rk	Top Yer Best	Take Title
1	Romm	25.00	1.250			42.33	3	0.542	1.250
2	Carnahan	21.50	1.075	19.00	3	69.00	2	1.484	1.367
3	Beland	21.33	1.067			14.50	11	-0.213	1.373
4	Smith, C.	19.33	0.967	75.33	1	83.33	1	2.000	1.435
5	Krattemkr	14.33	0.717			31.50	4	-0.537	1.591
6	Hart	14.00	0.700	3.33		18.00	8	0.125	1.602
7	Witte	14.00	0.700	13.00	11	29.00	5	0.469	1.602
8	Zarrow	9.50	0.475	1.33		10.00	20	0.016	1.742
9	Kammer	9.50	0.475			11.00	18	0.047	1.742
10	Sorensen	9.00	0.450			11.50	17	0.078	1.758
11	Pannullo	8.50	0.425			3.50		-0.156	1.773
12	Sullivan	8.00	0.400	14.00	8	4.00	47	0.188	1.789
13	Smith, J.C.	8.00	0.400			20.00	7	0.375	1.789
14	Grinath	7.00	0.368					-0.219	1.820
15	Arnold	7.00	0.350			5.00	33	-0.063	1.820
16	Worcester	7.00	0.350	3.00		22.00	6	0.469	1.820

Rk	Name	Year 3 Crdts	Year 3 Conss	Year 1 Credits	Year 1 Rk	Year 2 Credits	Year 2 Rk	Top Yer Best	Take Title
17	Thuermer	6.50	0.325	3.50		1.00		-0.094	1.836
18	Styrene	6.33	0.317	6.00	25	13.25	14	0.216	1.841
19	Grove	5.50	0.275	13.00	12	12.00	16	0.234	1.867
20	Mellema	5.50	0.275	8.00	21	16.00	10	0.328	1.867
21	Dudzik	5.00	0.250	12.00	14	13.00	15	0.250	1.883
22	Patishnock	5.00	0.250	7.50	22	2.00		0.078	1.883
23	Fox Roe	5.00	0.250	5.50	28	2.00		0.016	1.883
24	Chong	5.00	0.250	4.00	36	7.50	27	0.078	1.883
25	Kondis	4.50	0.225	15.00	6	17.50	9	0.406	1.898
26	Caron	4.50	0.225	10.00	16	7.00	28	0.172	1.898
27	Malcolm	4.50	0.225	14.50	7	10.00	19	0.313	1.898
28	Sabourin	4.50	0.225	13.00	10	0.75		0.266	1.898
29	Vanatter	4.00	0.364					-0.125	1.914
30	Thring	4.00	0.200	17.00	4	13.50	13	0.406	1.914
31	Weinstein	4.00	0.200	1.00		3.00		-0.031	1.914

ACADEMIA NUTS

What Virginia Tech professors have to say about the Style Invitational

by The Graduate

Dr. H. B. Miller, Department of Philosophy

If a tree falls in the forest and no one's around, does it make a sound? If God is all-powerful, can He make a rock so big that He Himself can't lift it? Even more mind-boggling, if you win the Style Invitational contest to come up with the worst possible contest, are you bad or good at what you do? I put this last question to Dr. Miller.

"You're obviously good if you've won," Miller said, "but does anything you *enter* have to do with good?" Like a lot of contestants, Miller theorized that the worst idea for a contest is in itself a contest to come up with the worst idea for a contest (egads, does that mean he's one of us??)

However, "coming up with the worst possible thing is a job in itself," as evidenced by IRS instruction writers, according to Miller.

It's also well known, Miller said, that you must be skillful to be able to detect the worst. "You can't tell what's the best unless you first know what's the worst." Hence the "And Last" entries?

While in the end Miller repeated that the very posing of this contest is the definition of the idea (raising another point in his mind--can a contest win itself?), he also, as philosophers are apt to do, ended with a question of his own. "What would be the most appropriate prize for the worst possible contest? Having to run the contest, maybe?" Something to think about . . .

Drs. Norstedt and Jane Varley, Department of English

The Style Invitational is an excellent tool for further development of English, Norstedt said. "It provokes people to think satirically--makes them use the language in a clever manner, such as punning."

He continued that it "makes a great teaching tool," comparing it to crossword puzzles and acrostics (our illegitimate half-brothers, if you ask me). "Anything that gets people concerned about the meaning of words."

Varley agrees, saying the contest raises the average level of creativity. "You bet your ass it's good for teachers to use," Varley enthused. She bemoans the difficulty of getting people who are used to sound (read: MTV) to concentrate on the "specifics of language," and said that introducing the Invitational into the classroom would help combat that. "If you have a short attention span, language can lengthen it," Varley concluded.

While he admired the contest as a whole, Norstedt was particularly impressed with the literary scope of the entries I showed him.

"The authors," he said, "are very knowledgeable of literature, of particular trades. Granted, it's not Shakespeare, but it's good literature." (While *The Graduate* is too young to know Penelope Ashe, he does in fact know Shakespeare. Met him once, too.) Continuing, Norstedt said he saw a lot of allusions (or was it illusions?) to "all aspects of literature and life. It was very sophisticated in the realm of literature." Us, sophisticated? He's obviously not a regular reader.

Varley was also impressed by the form of the entries themselves. "I saw great use of manipulation of the language," she said. Varley described the entries as being "like poetry--manipulating letters and words. It shows how dynamic words can be."

Norstedt had similar thoughts in this area. The Style Invitational, he said, "makes people care about words." And if that's not what it's all about, I don't know what is.

Next month, The Graduate communicates with Communications professors.

(Continued from Page 6)

of cartoons that appeared in major cartoons from major outlets during the previous months.

A second look at the art of humor was the cover story in the July 2, 1995, *New York Times Magazine*. Entitled "Happy [] Day to You," the article described the enormously profitable world of Hallmark Cards, a company that has been described as "the General Motors of emotion." To fuel the eight million cards a day that Americans send out, Hallmark has a creative staff of 700. The company pampers its writers at its Kearney, Mo., rural retreat, 23 miles from Hallmark's Kansas City headquarters (the "two-million-square-foot concrete mother ship of sentiment.") The article described a writing session attended by six writers who were limbering up for the task of developing cards for Valentine's Day '96. (After an hour, these professionals have warmed up with lines such as "Love is a Fig Newton", "I'm smitten!",

(continued on Page 13)

THE MARCH OF SOPHISTRY

25, 50, and 100 Weeks Ago in the Style Invitational

Report from Week 99, What's Wrong With These Pictures?, ... in which you were asked to find what was wrong with any of three pictures.

- ◇ Third Runner-Up: (Picture A) Although the tuba is stuffed with a man's torso, the little notes indicate that the player is making musical sounds somehow. You people are absolutely disgusting. (J. Calvin Smith, Laurel)



Report from Week 74, Adios, ... in which we asked you to come up with a slogan for the back of the new and improved Style Invitational T-shirt.

- ◇ Fourth Runner-Up: Right. Like YOU'RE Stephen Hawking. (Debut of Jessica Steinhice, Washington)

Report from Week 23, Happy Endings, ... in which we asked you to modernize old expressions by changing their endings.

- ◇ First Runner-Up: I'll get you, my pretty, and your little ... potbellied pig too." (Debut of Mike Thring, Leesburg)
◇ Honorable Mention: The road to Hell is paved with ... Honorable Mentions. (Carol Haney McVey, Olney)

The Style Invitational Whites

Woke up this mornin', I had the Style Invitational whites,
Yes I woke up this mornin', had them Style Invitational whites,
'Cause my Post had a blank spot, where the Czar-man usually writes.

This week's contest's got me drinkin' rotgut wine from a paper bag,
Lawd, I'm sittin' here drinkin' cheap wine from a brown paper bag,
'Cause that Czar's done left me wonderin', what to do for this week's gag.

Well, them mean S.I. whites
Make me feel bad, you know,
Got to come up with somethin',
Be it highbrow or low.
Should I joke about Newty,
Or maybe Dan Quayle?
Or hemorrhoid sufferin',
Or that damned U.S. mail,
Perhaps West Virginia,
Do it Jeopardy-style,
'Cause I ain't won one of them doggone T-shirts in a reeeeeeeally, reeeeeeeally long time.



Oh, I woke up this mornin', I had the Style Invitational whites,
Woke up this mornin', had them Invitational whites
(and you know it really does hurt quite a bit),
That blank piece of paper, boy this contest really bites.

(Continued from Page 11)

and "I'd like to buy a vowel.") Remember, this is Hallmark, and anything too risqué or weird doesn't make the cut.

To encourage its creative staff, its most valuable asset, Hallmark routinely grants in-house sabbaticals for artists and writers to dabble in art studio workshops, buys blocks of tickets to movies, sends writers on trips to Spain or Florence, and for the "edgier" cards, lets writers watch "Seinfeld" and "The Late Show." (Warning: at this point, you are thinking "this is a cool job" and have called your travel agent for the next flight to Kansas City. Be advised that Missouri is far too close to militia country and the chocolate there sucks.)

Unfortunately, the *Times* article doesn't get down to the nitty-gritty of what you can actually earn as a Hallmark writer. What was interesting was the description of the Idea Exchange, which is a free-floating think tank open to all writers and artists. The article describes a forced-writing exercise of having people sit around a conference table and come up with funny captions to stock photo or a current wish list concept. Three minutes are allotted and submissions are tossed into a large plastic baseball mitt at the rate of one about every 20 seconds. The author points out this is clearly not a "cubicle consortium" at work--the Exchange is compared to what Hawkeye's tent was to the rest of the M*A*S*H unit.

If you take your humor writing seriously, I encourage you to study these articles for inspiration and the summer's afternoon of daydreaming and "what ifs." And if you haven't hit the Czar's hot button for a few Sundays in a row, just consider the poor schmoe who's out there struggling with captions for turkey-breeding cartoons.

IN THE LAMELIGHT

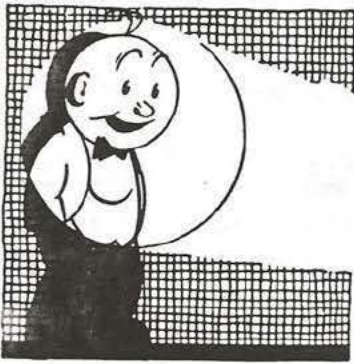
John Kammer: A Dewey's Profile

Born August 1962 under the alias Vladimir the Impaler VI.

Currently 6'4", 220 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, poor attitude. Married, two children.

Turn-Ons: Women with money; women with power; powerful women with money.

Turn-Offs: n/a



Raised in Ohio and Kentucky, mostly Kentucky, in Louisville, one of the two existing cities in that state (the other being Lexington (Covington doesn't count, as it's really just Cincinnati overflow)). In Ohio he learned two important things: water is flammable, and never shout "The Buckeyes Suck" on the Ohio State campus, especially when near fraternity row.

In the early '80s at the University of Louisville, he studied sociology and psychology, but never really got it, so he went to the engineering school to study computer science instead. In 1985 he received a Master's degree (if you count stealing someone else's degree as actually having received one--a little whiteout, a little calligraphy, and bingo: a graduate). Nevertheless, he parlayed this degree into a lucrative job working for the federal government--motto: "Quality is one job, but not my job."

His main aspiration in life seems to be the attainment of great wealth with a little effort as possible. For years he squandered his talents as a computer scientist writing software when he should have been hacking into the savings-and-loans computer systems and siphoning off his own fair share before the Keating scandal pulled the rug out from underneath. Seeking his fortune by investing in the lottery has been mysteriously ineffective to date, and Ed McMahon has repeatedly gotten lost in delivering his \$10-million check. His current effort at attaining great wealth, selling off Style Invitational bumper stickers at unrealistically inflated prices, has been disappointing so far. So, in a fit of despair, he turned to management, where he currently supervises a dozen or so individuals who do something, he isn't sure what.

Mr. Kammer seems to think that the world owes him something. This seems only fair to him, as everyone else seems to think the same thing. Of course, if the world really owed everyone, then it would have a really massive debt and would have to raise taxes. The logistics of this are incomprehensible, so Mr. Kammer doesn't give it much thought--he's just constantly looking for a check in the mail or a window where he can pick up the \$200 bank error in his favor.

Mr. Kammer refuses to take life seriously. "It isn't funny that way," he claims. He's currently working on a screenplay, having gotten so far as setting up the proper directory structure on his computer to store the drafts once he actually begins typing. Upon its completion he expects to sell the screenplay for upwards of \$3.5 million.

Mr. Kammer began entering the Style Invitational shortly after discovering it around Week 70. He would have missed it altogether if it hadn't been for Dear Abby's column being featured on Page F2 that particular Week. (He always reads "Dear Abby" to make sure no one is writing about him.) In any case, he saw the Invitational as an excellent opportunity to get free clothing (one of his mottoes is "Free clothing always seems to fit just a little bit better.") To date he's acquired only two shirts, a travesty which he sees as blatantly unfair. Although he freely admits he didn't really deserve the first one, he figures it (barely) makes up for the others he would have won. At this rate, Mr. Kammer isn't figuring on having enough layers to survive a cold winter.

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear JSH: I sense you will formal credentials will make no impression on you. However, you should know that I am author of several articles on colostomy in The New England Journal of Crapola, including the widely-cited "Papa's Got a Brand-New Bag." I have never been successfully censured for malpractice in the District of Columbia. I have seen the movies Dr. No, Dr. Detroit, The Cabinet of Dr. Caligheri, Dr. Strange, House Calls, The Hospital, and The Boys From

Brazil several times and I watch "E.R." regularly.

You apparently have heard the rumors that I studied alongside several famous thinkers, but I have always maintained that I was not close enough to actually see what they were writing, and nothing was ever proven. If you do not stop your slanderous innuendoes, my lawyer will be in contact with you, as will my therapist, since your obsession with my credentials is a sure sign you need professional help.

Problems? Send them to Dr. Style, c/o the Publisher, and we'll see that it's sorted right out for you.

WIT HAPPENS

Some Good Ones That Got Away, Or Missed The Deadline, Or Curry Got On Them, Or Something

WEEK 18: PUNCH US IN THE EAR

The Raging Bull (Paul Kondis)

WEEK 67: FAMOUS LAST WORDS

Alfred Nobel: "Look, I got a Nobel prize for this stuff, man, and I'm telling you it's 2 parts nitro and 1 part guncotton ..." (Elden Carnahan)

WEEK 72: OH, HELL

Mike Thring's Hell: Male plagiarists have their fantasies indulged by voluptuous she-devils, and inexplicably I begin having original thoughts. (Mike Thring)

WEEK 84: THE WASHINGTON IRVINGS

The Fauquier (County, Va.) Selves (Mike Hammer)

WEEK 86: EXCUSES, EXCUSES

The reason I'm losing weight is because I bought the Henry Fonda work-out video by mistake. (Jean Sorensen)

WEEK 87: WEST EASY, ANN

West Virginia prevents Virginia from having to touch a state represented by Arlen Specter. (Peyton Coyner)

WEEK 100: THE JOKE'S ON YOU

Joke 3 as told by Camilla Parker-Bowles and Prince Charles:

"My dog has no nose."

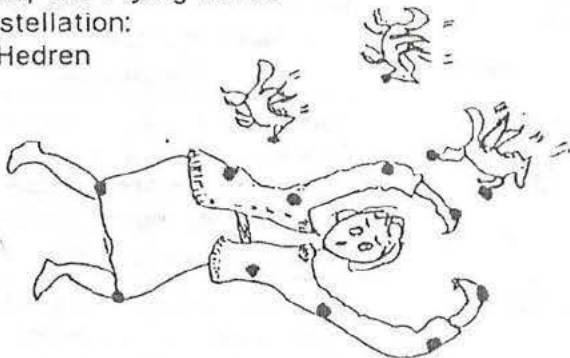
"Really? You know, I wish I were your dog's nose. I long to . . ." (Meg Sullivan)

WEEK 104: HERE DOGGEREL.

Boris Yeltsin
Screamed for stricter morals.
Boris yelt sin. (Shirlee Weingarten)

WEEK 107: CLUSTER'S LAST STAND

Old Constellation:
Pegasus, the Flying Horse
New Constellation:
Tippi Hedren



(Mary Olson, Springfield)

"Don't ever change, you know what I mean ..."



WEEK 109: SEND US YOUR MAIL PARTS

On a fence in West Virginia: "Trespassers will be violated." (Kevin Cuddihy)

"If toilet will not flush after use, the manager will be delighted to look into it." (Zadok I. Vercingetorix)

WEEK 116: WRITE PURE POETRY

TROOPER QUITE QUEER--PITY! (KEEP QUIET!) (Gary Patishnock)

I POUR YOUR TYPE "O" O'ER PROPERTY & REQUIRE ITO TO TRY YOU, TOO. (Joseph Romm)

WEEK 120: SIMILE OUTRAGEOUS

The silent, empty house had an ominous feeling to it, like a chalk outline atop a wedding cake. (Sue Lin Chong)

He tried to pretend everything was OK, like when you walk down the street and you see a pair of dogs humping, which I'm not saying there's anything wrong with that, you know, but you pretend you haven't noticed them doing it. (John Cushing)

WEEK 121: IT'S NO USE

Christopher Reeve action figure (John Kammer)

Obscene Call-Waiting (Nathan Rachneidle)

WEEK 123: WHY IS POOP FUNNY?

Where does dust come from? Egyptian mummy flatulence. (Chuck Smith)

Where does dust come from? From grinding up boys and girls. (Stephen Dudzik)

Where do babies come from? "Son, what's her name?" (Kevin Mellema)

WEEK 124: SPOON-FEED US

What's the difference between Bill Clinton and Newt Gingrich? One's a bloated blowhard and the other's a bloated blowhard. (Dave Zarrow)

IN THIS ISSUE:

Page 2: An eye-gouge, alligator clamps, and tops that aren't bulging yet
 Page 3: Thring lashes back, followed by liverwurst
 Page 6: Gag us with a pitchfork, you might say
 Page 7: Naughty bits
 Page 11: A reason for being--to combat MTV!
 Page 14: Charles' fantasy, screaming Boris, and two bloated blowhards

☆☆☆☆ IT'S OFFICIAL: "Name-That-Kitty" first-prize fame and merchandise goes to Stephen Dudzik ("Orangina"), Arthur Adams ("Floyd"), Mary Olson ("Marigold"), and Jacki Drucker ("Norma" and "Isidor"). Stay tuned for Ms. Sullivan's witty commentary on the flood of entries received, plus further details on the "Name-That-Newborn" contest!

DEPRAVDA

-- Subject: Depravda

This is a publication of satire, buffoonery and whatever else we can scrape together at the last minute. It is not distributed to the public at large. If this is the first time you have clapped eyes on it, you may contact the publisher for two more issues for your inspection, after which we will expect you to pony up like everybody else.

Subscriptions: US\$15 for 12 issues, published on the third Sunday of each month, except this one, because we are behind. Please make out checks to our Comptroller, who is exceedingly vexed at us for forgetting to mention this detail last month, dagnabbit!

Not associated with The Washington Post Co. in any way, shape, manner, aspect, form, or regard.

Publisher	Grace Fuller
Editor	Jackson Timbres
General Counsel	Sue Lin Chong
Circulation	Mike Hammer
Comptroller	Elden Carnahan
Chief Mathematician	J. Calvin Smith
Grip	Sarah Worcester
Head Gaffer	Steve Dudzik
Chief Photographer	Kevin Mellema
Not Specializing in Produce	
Illustrator	Peyton Coyner
Advice Columnist	Dr. Style
Paste-Up Girl	April Carnahan
Alert Reader	Kevin Cuddihy
Spiritual Advisor	John Peter Zinger
America's Funniest	Dave Zarrow
Office Products Dealer	

name his children. Ellen C.
 One-time Gov. I want to
 get approval not the only
 150-153. He is a One-time
 one for and advance. Weeks
 please note: Joe Roman sent me

NEW READERS THIS ISSUE:

Sylvia Byrne, Arlington

Debuted with Honorable Mention, Week 119--
 Unfortunate Muzak: "A proctologist: 'Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own'"

Gary F. Hevel, Silver Spring

Debuted with Honorable Mention, Week 62
 Latest--Bad simile: "The hailstones leaped from the pavement, just like maggots when you fry them in hot grease."

Thomas Edward Knibb, Walkersville

Debuted with Win, Week 46
 Latest: Suggested Idea for Week 124, Spoon-Feed Us

Paul Kocak, Syracuse, N.Y.

Debuted with Second Runner-Up, Week 108
 Latest--Bad simile: "They lived in a typical suburban neighborhood with picket fences that resembled Nancy Kerrigan's teeth."

Dr. Edward Mickolus, Dunn Loring, Va.

Debuted with Honorable Mention, Week 100
 Latest--Why is the sky blue? "Because God decided against the more expensive mauve-chartreuse checkerboard motif."

Blair Thurman, Reston

Debuted with Third Runner-Up, Week 121--
 Useless Product: "Seeing-eye giraffes"

ALSO NEXT MONTH

IN DEPRAVDA

Smith on Winning:

"... How many times have you exclaimed: 'This is a piece of crap!?' ... someone in a suspended state of adolescence ... I find that women seem to prefer paprika ... if all else fails, fall back on wit ..."

NEXT NRARS BREAKFAST

September 1 @, 9 a.m.

Two Continents Restaurant
 Hotel Washington, 515 15th St. NW

Reservations Under "Dudzik"
 Buffet For \$7.95, No Free Parking At Hotel, But It's Sunday Morning For Heaven's Sake, Use Your Imagination

Open To All Style Invitational Contestants, Admirers, Lurkers, Skulkers, Stalkers, Support Staff, Mutually-Dependent Co-Enablers, Wannabes, Free-Loaders, and Guests

Subscription fees cordially accepted, no questions asked!

First-Time Visitors Kindly R.S.V.P. To Publisher